

R Republic Pictures' Star

A Foremost Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Halliwell BLACK JACK

WESTERN

FEB.

10¢

NO. 34



ON THIS ISSUE

THE GUILTY MIND!

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

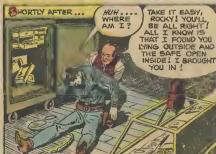
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYORA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY MAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
BOB CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOST WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB GOLF
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEK RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

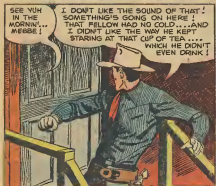
W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President













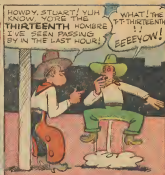




"LUCKY HOMBRE!"

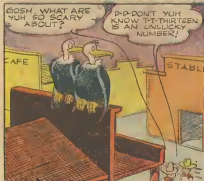


HYAR COMES SUPERSTITIOUS STUART! I OPRING I'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM!



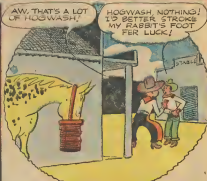
HOWDY, STUART! YUH KNOW, YORE THE THIRTEENTH HOMBRE I'VE SEEN PASSING BY IN THE LAST HOUR!

WHAT! THE T-T-THIRTEENTH!! EEEYOW!



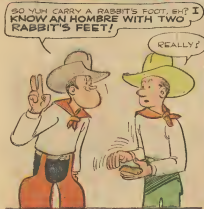
GOSH, WHAT ARE YUH SO SCARY ABOUT?

D-D-DON'T YUH KNOW T-T-THIRTEEN IS AN UNLUCKY NUMBER!



AW, THAT'S A LOT OF HOGWASH!

HOGWASH, NOTHING! I'D BETTER STROKE MY RABBIT'S FOOT FER LUCK!



SO YUH CARRY A RABBIT'S FOOT, EH? I KNOW AN HOMBRE WITH TWO RABBIT'S FEET!

REALLY?



YEAH-- AND IT'S SHORE HARD FOR HIM TO GET SHOES THAT FIT!

ULP!



BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY! GET YOUR BEAUTIFUL U.S. MILITARY RING and BRACELET!

WITH YOUR CHOICE OF
OFFICIAL MILITARY INSIGNIA!

SO EASY TO GET!

They're real beautiful! Finished in shiny nickel that won't tarnish! Wear the official insignia of your brother, relative, friend, sweetheart in service. Be the envy of your neighborhood! Send to Smith Brothers, Box 560, Providence, R.I.

AND THE
BEST-TASTING COUGH
DROPS, TOO!



BRACELET ONLY 20¢
RING ONLY 20¢
BOTH FOR ONLY 35¢
AND ONE SMITH BROTHERS BOX FREE
FOR EACH ITEM ORDERED

I am enclosing 20¢ ☐ 35¢ ☐ and the front cover of one ☐ two ☐ Smith Brothers boxes, any flavor, for which please send me RING ☐ BRACELET ☐ BOTH ☐.

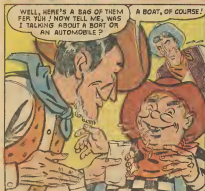
Indicate wrist size for BRACELET: LARGE ☐ REGULAR ☐ INSIGNIA CHOICE: ARMY ☐ NAVY ☐ AIR FORCE ☐ MARINE CORPS ☐ Send to Smith Bros., Box 560, Providence, R.I.

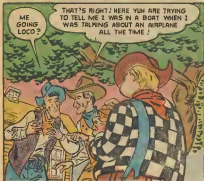
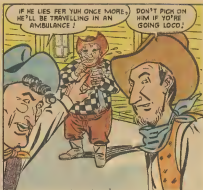
NAME _____
please print with address
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



Rocky Lane

and

The CLOSED SAFE

A CLOSED DOOR... LOCKED WINDOWS... THE COMBINATION LOCK SET! BUT THE MONEY IS GONE! WHERE? HOW? WHEN? WHO HOLDS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOSED SAFE? THAT'S WHAT THE INDOMITABLE SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE COMES UP AGAINST WHEN HE BATTLES A GUNNING AND RUTHLESS OUTLAW TO FIND THE ANSWER!



AT THE BANK IN PINE NEEDLE JUNCTION.....

YOU SENT FOR ME, MR. HALL?

YES, ROCKY! I INTEND TO RESIGN AS BANK PRESIDENT AND I'D LIKE YOU TO RECOMMEND MY SUCCESSOR! I'D LIKE TO TRY MY HAND AT RANCHING INSTEAD!



WELL, THAT'S QUITE A LARGE ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE, BUT I THINK I HAVE JUST THE MAN! HE'S A FORMER SHERIFF WHO RETIRED... AND HE'S LOOKING FOR A JOB AGAIN!

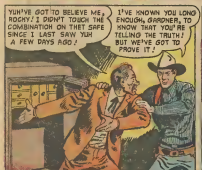


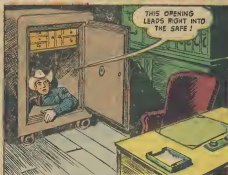
ANYONE YOU RECOMMEND, ROCKY, IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! I'LL ORDER A NEW COMBINATION FOR THE SAFE, AND HE CAN START IMMEDIATELY!



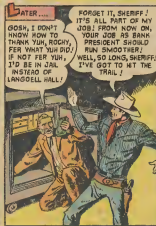
OKAY, MR. HALL! I'LL NOTIFY HIM RIGHT AWAY!













RUSTLER'S GOLD

By Bob Lucas



SCENTING fresh water ahead, the sorrel mare pricked up her nose and broke into a brisk trot without urging from the tall, loose-jointed cowpoke astride her. In a few moments they had reached the edge of the rocks where the mountain began and both rider and mount quenched their thirst.

Blair Carson, kneeling on the river bank, sensed rather than saw imminent danger. Cautiously he raised his eyes and looked straight into the unmoving barrel of a Winchester pointed at his heart. The man on the opposite bank held the rifle loosely, expertly.

"Had yore fill?" he asked, his lips a thin, bitter gash in a leathery old face. "If so, then git!"

Blair flashed an easy smile and nodded towards the mare. "Reckon I'll wait for her. Any objections?"

His steely blue eyes bored into the blood-shot orbs of the stranger. Finally, snorting and blowing, the horse raised her head, and Blair leisurely gathered up the trailing reins and mounted. The rifle still covered him as he swung the horse around and headed towards Coyote Pass, the town whose buildings were faintly visible a mile or so away.

Loping along at a ground-covering gait, Blair Carson leaned back in the saddle and tried to puzzle out the riddle of the rifleman at the river. In conversational tones, as if talking to his wiry horse, he voiced his thoughts.

"Old geezer like that oughtn't to go around drawing a bead on peaceable citizens!" he grumbled half aloud. "Acted like somebody aimed to steal that stream."

The sagebrush thinned out and the mare's high-stepping hoofs kicked up clouds of dust as they neared the town. But Blair detected a jerkiness in her gait and immediately slowed to a walk.

"Must have picked up a pebble back there at the stream," he mused, leaning forward and

affectionately slapping the mare's lean shoulder. "We'll take care of it in a jiffy, as soon as we hit that town yonder," he promised.

A short time later the blacksmith at the stable was working on the mare's lame hoof and finally dug out a sizeable pebble.

"Here's what was hurtin' her, cowboy," he said, dropping the small stone into Blair's hand. Idly, Blair pocketed it. Satisfied that the mare would be well taken care of, he set out to tend to his own needs. Fortunately, the hotel, with its adjoining saloon, was close by and Blair rented a room.

He tossed his saddle bags on the bed, then after a moment's hesitation, he unbuckled his Colt .45 and placed it in an empty drawer of the dresser. Going downstairs and next door to the saloon, he prevailed upon the cook to rustle up some grub. He selected a table in one corner, getting no more than casual inspection from the three men huddled around another table nearby. As he waited, he studied the hard-faced men, noting that they were too spruced up to be ordinary cowhands and certainly too hard-boiled to be ranchers or townsmen.

Snatches of their conversation drifted over to him, and when he heard the words "old man" and "stream" he pricked up his ears. A tall, gaunt hombre, with an ugly knife scar down one cheek, said something about "gold." Gold in cattle country like this? Blair thought to himself. Why they're plumb loco!

The appearance of his belated breakfast occupied his attention for the next few minutes, and not until the three toughs pushed back their chairs and stood up did he give them another thought.

"We'll make it tonight," growled the short, stocky one. "The three of us can handle the old buzzard—even with his Winchester!"

Shrugging off the whole thing as none of his business, Blair headed for the general store to buy provisions for the rest of his trip to

Red Bank, where a foreman's job awaited him. An hour later, his purchases were piled on the counter and he dug into his jeans for the money. His fingers encountered the pebble that had lamed his horse and he pulled it out to toss it away. But a glint of light flashing off the stream caught his eye and he examined it more closely. A long, low whistle escaped his lips when he saw what it was.

"It's none of my business," he observed silently. "Still—"

He left his purchases to be picked up later and set out to make a few calls. It was late afternoon when he finally completed his business and went back to the hotel. He carefully cleaned and oiled his six-gun and strapped it on. Taking a second gun from his saddle bag, he stuck it into his waist. The eyes of the men in the saloon had glittered with a feverish light when they talked of "gold," and Blair knew that desperate men would commit murder for the precious metal that was the same yellow color that flecked the stone in his pocket.

He saddled his horse and set off at a fast canter back to the spot where the old man had challenged him earlier in the day. It was night now. Long before he arrived he heard the gunfire and as he approached, he made out the angry red flashes coming from three different positions among the rocks overlooking the stream. The shots were answered from below by the sharp crack of a rifle.

Spurring forward, Blair plunged his horse across the shallow stream and slid off directly alongside the prone figure of the old man.

"Need some help, old timer?" he grinned, whipping out his gun.

"Fought cattle rustlers all my life," the grizzled rifleman snapped. "But now it's gold rustlers!" He reloaded his weapon with practiced fingers.

"That why you shooed me away this morning?"

The old man tossed him a quick glance. "That stream's full of gold nuggets, son, and I'll be doggone if I'll let any two-legged varmints do me out of it!"

Blair chuckled and tossed a few more shots

at the frustrated claim-jumpers. The old man was giving a good account of himself, but with three against two, it was only a question of time before the odds would begin to tell on the two defenders. What was needed was some bold maneuver to outwit the enemy. Blair quickly outlined his plan as he reloaded his six-shooters. "We don't have enough ammunition to hold out long against them," he said, "so we've got to get them and do it in jig-time."

Blair holstered his guns and slithered along the bank, screened by the low-lying willows. Circling around in a wide arc, he reached a point well behind the bandits and some distance below them. With a shrewd eye he appraised the rugged slope to the summit of the rocks, then bending over, he quickly removed his boots.

His ascent was not only noiseless, but considerably easier with his progress unimpeded by his boots. A few moments later he was above the three attackers, who were busily occupied by the old miner. His steady fire had covered Blair's climb and now they had the men caught in a deadly crossfire. Drawing both guns, Blair stepped from behind a crag and sent a hail of shells at the men. Frantically, they scrambled to gain shelter from the new attack, but were then exposed to the fire from below. It was soon over.

LATER, after the sheriff had taken away the gunmen, Blair figured it was safe to break the news to his companion.

"You know, old timer," he began, "things ain't always what they seem. You took me for a claim jumper this morning. Well, you were wrong."

"You're right, son," the old man said. "And I want to thank you for the way you lit into them polecats."

"But you were wrong about the gold, too," Blair added, not looking at the man. "I had one of your 'nuggets' assayed in town today. It was iron pyrite—fool's gold!"

There was a long, empty silence, then the old man threw back his head and cackled. "Well, anyway, it was a danged good fight!"

THE END



ROPING 'N' RIDING With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

HOWDY, PARTNERS,

SADDLE UP AND RIDE ALONG WITH ME FOR A SPELL. BLACK JACK KNOWS THE WAY ALL BY HIMSELF. WE WANT TO SHOW YOU A CORRAL OF MIGHTY FINE CATTLE, A RANCH WHERE THE BEST STEERS IN THE WEST ARE RAISED. IT'S THE LAZY 5 AND IF YOU LOOK YOU'LL SEE A MIDDLE-AGED, THIN RANCH HAND WORKING IN THE STABLES. THAT'LL BE NED THOMPSON. NED TAKES CARE OF ALL THE STABLES, CLEANING THE STALLS, TENDING TO THE FEED BOXES, SOAPING THE RIDING GEAR -- THE BRIDLES, REINS, STIRRUP LEATHER, GINCH BELTS, SADDLE SKIRTS AND OTHER ASSORTED TACK.

OF COURSE, YOU PROBABLY KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO'D SAY THAT TAKING CARE OF THE STABLES AND TACK WASN'T MUCH OF A JOB -- CERTAINLY NOT AN IMPORTANT ONE. THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT THINKING STRAIGHT. ONE TIME NED TOOK SICK, FOR QUITE A SPELL, AND IT SHOWED EVERYONE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER. IN SHORT ORDER, THE STABLES GREW DIRTY; THE RIDING TACK, CARE FOR BY NED, RECEIVED NO CARE AND THE LEATHER GREW HARD AND CRACKED; STIRRUPS BROKE AND MANY COWPUNCHERS HAD CLOSE BRUSHES WITH THE GRIM REAPER. THE COWBOYS, USUALLY TOO TIRED TO PROPERLY TEND TO THE RIDING GEAR, DID THE BEST THEY COULD, BUT THINGS WEREN'T THE SAME. NED, AT HIS JOB, WAS A SPECIALIST, YOU MIGHT SAY.

SO WHEN HE DID FINALLY GET WELL ENOUGH TO RETURN, THE LAZY 5 WAS MIGHTY GLAD OF IT. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH EVERY JOB, PARTNERS. WHENEVER YOU SEE OR HEAR OF SOMEONE SNEERING AT SOME PERSON'S JOB, REMEMBER THERE'S A MIGHTY BIG NEED FOR EVERY MAN'S JOB, WHETHER HE BE A DOCTOR, A PLUMBER, A DELIVERY BOY OR -- YES, SOMEONE WHO TAKES CARE OF STABLES OR CLEANS STREETS!

AND NOW, PARTNERS, I'LL BE RIDING ON... BUT BLACK JACK AND I'LL BE AMBLING THIS WAY AGAIN LOOKING FOR ALL OF YOU.

YOUR PAL,

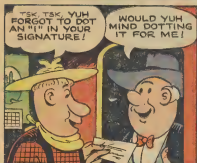
Allan "Rocky" Lane

AND BLACK JACK



GOPHERFACE

DOT'S ENOUGH



SPECIAL OFFER!

YOU...
CAN GET
'ROCKY'S'



PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Enclose this coupon and 25c for one LARGE photo of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

— print plainly —

NAME:

ADDRESS:

(If you want 3 LARGE pictures of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally enclose \$1.00. Address: ROCKY LANE, 4024 North Rodford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

and

The GUILTY MIND



THE FURIES OF A FLAMING INFERNO DESTROY THE LAST VESTIGE OF EVIDENCE, BUT THE GUILTY MIND REMAINS...TO HARASS, TO THREATEN AND TO HAUNT!



IN CULVER JUNCTION....

THIS LAST DEAL NETTED ME MORE THAN ALL THE OTHERS PUT TOGETHER!



(GULP)...HERE COME ALL THE RANCHERS AFTER THEIR MONEY! I'VE GOT TO HIDE IT SOMEWHERE! I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE THEM ANY MONEY THIS TIME! THAR'S TOO MUCH HERE TO LET IT SLIP OUTTA MY HANDS!



THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOMIN' IN MYAR FOR IT? I CAN ALWAYS REMOVE IT AFTER I GET RID OF 'EM!



NO USE WASTIN' WORDS, BREZEL! WE'RE AFTER OUR MONEY!

YUH SOLD MY STEERS, GEORGE! NOW I EXPECT TO GIT PRID PER THEM!



TAKE IT EASY, LEM! I TOLD YUH THAT I LOST YORE MONEY ON MY NAY HOME! YUH 'DOTTA BELIEVE ME!

WHAT 'BOUT MY CATTLE? I GAVE THEM TO YUH ON CREDIT! I'LL BE RUINED IF I DON'T GIT CASH!



THEY RED ON THE WAY TO MARKET! I DID MY BEST! I WAS ARMIN' TO TELL YUH, PETE!

WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF YOUR LYIN' GEORGE BREZEL! REGRON THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO IS SEARCH YOH HOUSE PER THE MONEY! WE NEVER SHOULD'VE TRUSTED YOUR SMOOTH TALK AND LET YU TAKE CARE OF THINGS FOR US!



YUH CAN'T TOUCH ANYTHING IN MY HOUSE WITHOUT A WARRANT...AND YUH DON'T HAVE ONE!

MEBBE NOT... BUT IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO GIT ONE FROM THE SHERIFF!



G'MON, MEN! WE'LL RIDE RIGHT OYER TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND SWEAR OUT A WARRANT!

(GULP)...IF THEY SEARCH THE HOUSE, THEY'RE BOUND TO FIND THE MONEY SOONER ON LATEN!



THE FIRST THING TO GO IS REMOVE IT FROM THE STOVE...



...AND THE NEXT THING TO GO IS LEAVE NO TRACE OF ME!



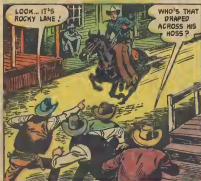
AND THE QUICKEST WAY TO GIT RID OF ME IS BY FIRE!











QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

- 1 ONE ROD IS EQUAL TO SIXTEEN AND ONE-HALF FEET.



TRUE... FALSE...



16 1/2 FEET

- 2 AARON BURR WAS THE THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

TRUE... FALSE...



- 3 THE EARTH IS A PLANET.

TRUE... FALSE...



- 4 ARIES IS ONE OF THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

TRUE... FALSE...



- 5 THE FIRST BOSTON FIRE ENGINE WAS INTRODUCED IN 1879.

TRUE... FALSE...



ANSWERS:

1 TRUE, 16 1/2. 2 FALSE, 1879. 3 TRUE. 4 TRUE. 5 TRUE.

Now You Can Get **ROCKY LANE WESTERN** Each Month, By Mail
(Please print your name clearly in pencil)

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

YES, send **ROCKY LANE WESTERN**
every month.

I am enclosing \$ in full payment.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Subscription Rates for U. S. and Possessions
and Pan America

(CHECK ONE)

☐ 12 Issues for \$1.20

☐ 24 Issues for \$2.25

☐ 36 Issues for \$3.00

Sorry, no subscriptions sent to Canada.
For other foreign countries, add 50 cents per year.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
YOUR FRIENDS

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

YES, send me **ROCKY LANE WESTERN**
every month to the names below, as my
gift.

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

My gift card should read

I enclose \$ for the above orders.

MARK TRAIL says:

"YOU'LL LIKE MY BIG, NEW MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!"

IT'S "MARK TRAIL"... 64 pages packed with pictures, thrilling adventure stories and articles by famous authors, artists and editors of popular men's magazines!



SEND FOR YOUR COPY TODAY!

Or ask your dad for a subscription for your birthday.



MAIL THIS COUPON with 25¢ for one issue of MARK TRAIL, or send \$1.00 for a year's subscription (4 issues) to:

MARK TRAIL

1109 Northwestern Bank Bldg.
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

Name _____

Street and number _____

City _____

State _____